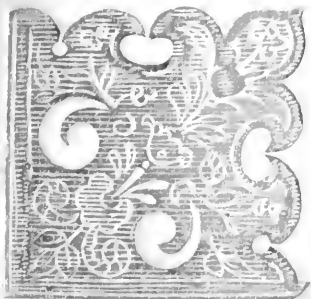


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Queen Elizabeth
 From a rare contemporary Print

THE QUEEN'S Garland

*Being Chosen Lyrics of the Reign of
Q. ELIZABETH. Selected &
arranged by FitzRoy Carrington*



Printed for R. H. RUSSELL
NEW YORK

1898

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To the Reader

S*INCE* Charles Lamb re-discovered the Elizabethan Dramatists, so many Anthologies of poetry of the Elizabethan Age have been published, that any addition to the number would seem, at first sight, superfluous. Nor does this little volume pretend to do more than give a very small view of that rich field which, thanks to the labours of enthusiastic specialists, has of late years grown vastly wider and more accessible. It is, primarily, a pocket volume, one to be carried and read between whiles, both in the

city, where poetry seems to grow each day harder to discover, and in the country, where the mind should be most open to enjoy its beauties. To comfort in carrying, much has been sacrificed, and while as many "old favourites" as possible have been retained, it has been found necessary to omit many beautiful lyrics in order to keep the volume within the limits of a true pocket size. Nothing has been selected that is not believed to be "choicely good."

The "labour of omission" has, naturally, been greater in proportion to the limits of space at one's command, and exclusion, where so much is beautiful, has

been difficult. The Elizabethan Age has come, by general acceptance, to include the reign of James I. and sometimes that of Charles I. as well as that of Elizabeth, but as I am now preparing a companion volume to this one, of selections from the lyrics of these two later reigns, the present volume contains, with a few exceptions, only poems written prior to 1604. Songs from "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline" and "The Tempest," though of later date, have been included, as it has been thought best to keep Shakespeare's lyrics together.

The fascination of Elizabethan literature to all who have wan-

dered in its enchanted realms is undeniable, but not always easy to analyze. Part of it lies in the fact that here is found for the first time, perhaps for the only time in English literature, the perfect balance of Romance and Reality, together with a language fresh and plastic, which had scarcely left school and which offered new worlds of words to explore and conquer. Each writer stamped upon it, to a greater or a lesser degree, according to his genius or his needs, something of his own individuality. To be one's self was, with the earlier writers at least, a distinct aim.

Truly a Golden Age in litera-

ture, but in many ways a dark, cruel and tragic one to live in; an age that could breed a Cenci in Italy, and in France regard the massacre of St. Bartholomew as a legitimate stroke of statecraft.

That such an age should be reflected in its literature, was to be expected.

Court life was a pageant. The improbable was the actual, the real more romantic than romance.

Mr. Ernest Rhys so finely sums up this interdependence of life and literature, in his Introduction to the Lyrical Poems of Sir Philip Sidney, that I cannot refrain from quoting one passage.

“In Sidney the personal radiance that the poets are sometimes sup-

posed to have, was enhanced by a hundred circumstances of time and fortune. His birth, his boyhood, his Elizabethan opportunity, his hapless romance, his adventure across Europe, all add to the glamour of his name. Even his early and tragic death, proving him mortal too soon, may be said to help on his poet's immortality. Up to the moment when he fell he was set in a march of events, stirring, irresistible; whose music is so often caught in the heroic ring of his lines—

‘High way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses’ feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody!’

There is more than this in Sidney's

note, but this suggests his most distinctive addition to our lyric poetry. It is the note of chivalry in its finer mood, tuned to the praise of the divine Stella, but with an echo in it of great affairs and destinies, and of no distant fields of war. Here was a poet who was a man; with his lyric art heightened by his sense of life, with his love-songs set to an heroic accompaniment." It is just this "sense of life" that stamps so much of the lyric poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign as a permanent contribution to English literature. Gradually as men lived less, and thought more of the most striking way to express such ideas as remained to

them, the quality of their poetry deteriorated, and the technical side was more and more cultivated, until from sheer attenuation true poetry died out.

When it is remembered that a period of fifty years will cover nearly all that is worth preserving of the literature known as "Elizabethan" the wonder of its rapid growth and brilliant maturity is heightened by the sense of sane precocity side by side with the frankly mediæval. With Henry, Earl of Surrey, fittingly called "the English Petrarch," the finest poet of the reign of Henry VIII., it is difficult to feel any close affinity. He is distant

not only by centuries but by his outlook upon life. Even to Sidney's permanent elevation of feeling and expression one cannot rise all the time, it is only at our spirit's best that we feel a sense of comradeship with him. In Italy, Ariosto and Tasso had attempted, almost successfully, to revive chivalry; Rabelais in France and, later, Cervantes in Spain, with a success only too complete, made it a laughingstock and crushed it to the ground; but when Spenser, the finest and truest English poet of the Age of Chivalry, sings afresh its first ideal of exalted and sublime love, he makes us believe in it. Spenser alone takes

it seriously and naturally. He is on the level of so much nobleness, dignity, reverie. Yet within ten years of the publication of the "Faerie Queen," Shakespeare has created Hamlet—a "man of to-morrow" in his keenness of self-analysis—and such a lyric as the one beginning

O Night, oh jealous Night repugnant to my measures

has been written. A lyric so perfect, so impassioned, that I know of nothing of its kind finer. It is anonymous. Mr. Swinburne might have written it but that it was published just three hundred years ago.

Regarding the poems themselves, in nearly all cases modern spelling has been used. In the few instances where the charm seemed to be heightened by the quaint orthography, the old spelling has been retained, but this so seldom that it is not likely to deter anyone from reading the few poems thus printed.

Finally, I wish to say that as this little volume is a selection of other men's work I have, in these few notes, not scrupled to "convey" a word, idea or sentence that fitted my needs. This I have done so frequently that to acknowledge indebtedness in every case would be useless. Wherever a writer

*may find I have borrowed from
his works I beg him to accept my
thanks.*

FITZROY CARRINGTON.



A Dedication to QUEEN ELIZABETH

To Her High Majesty

I

WIT'S rich Triumph, Wisdom's Glory,
Art's Chronicle, and Learning's Story,
Tower of Goodness, Virtue, Beauty,
Forgive me, that presume to lay
My Labours in your clear Eye's Ray:
This Boldness springs from Faith, Zeal, Duty

II

Her Hand, her Lap, her Vesture's Hem,
MUSE, touch not, for polluting them;
All, that is hers, is pure, clean, holy:
Before her Foot-stool humble lye,
So may she bless thee with her Eye:
The Sun shines not on good Things solely.

I

III

Olive of Peace, Angel of Pleasure,
 What Line of Praise can your Worth measure?
 Calm Sea of Bliss, which no Shore boundeth!
 FAME fills the World no more with Lies,
 But busy'd in your Histories
 Her Trumpet those true Wonders soundeth.

IV

O FAME, say all the Good thou may'st,
 Too little is that ALL thou say'st!
 What if herself herself commended?
 Should we then know (ne'er known before)
 Whether her Wit, or Worth were more?
 Ah no! that Book would ne'er be ended.
*Dedication of the First Edition (1600) of Fairfax's
 translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.*

*Lines underneath a Portrait
 of Queen Elizabeth*

LOE here the pearle,
 Whom God and man doth love:
 Loe here on earth
 The onely starre of light:
 Loe here the queene,
 Whom no mishap can move
 To chaunge her mynde

From vertues chief delight!
Loe here the heart
That so hath honord God,
That, for her love,
We feele not of his rod:
Pray for her health,
Such as good subjectes bee:
Oh Princely Dame,
There is none like to thee!

*From a Contemporary Ballad, presumed to be
unique, formerly in the library of Henry Huth,
Esq.*





The Queen's Garland

Queen Elizabeth (1533-1603)

On Ambition and Disloyalty

(Written about 1584)

THE doubt of future foes,
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebbe,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,
Or wisdom weu'd the webbe.

But clowdes of tois untried,
Do cloake aspiring mindes,
Which turne to raine of late repent,
By course of changed windes.

The Queen's Garland

The toppe of hope supposed,
The roote of ruthe will be,
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

There dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate,*
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shall reap no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

** Mary,
Queen
of
Scots.*

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port,
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest,
Shall first his edge employ,
To polle their toppes, that seeke such change,
And gape for such like joy.

From Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie.

John Lyly

Verses

*by Princess Elizabeth
while a Prisoner at Woodstock*

Writ with Charcoal on a Shutter

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bands, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved,
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thought.
A. D. MDLV. *Elizabethe, Prisonner.*

John Lyly (1534-1600)

Cards and Kisses

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows:

The Queen's Garland

Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

From Alexander and Campaspe.

Daphne

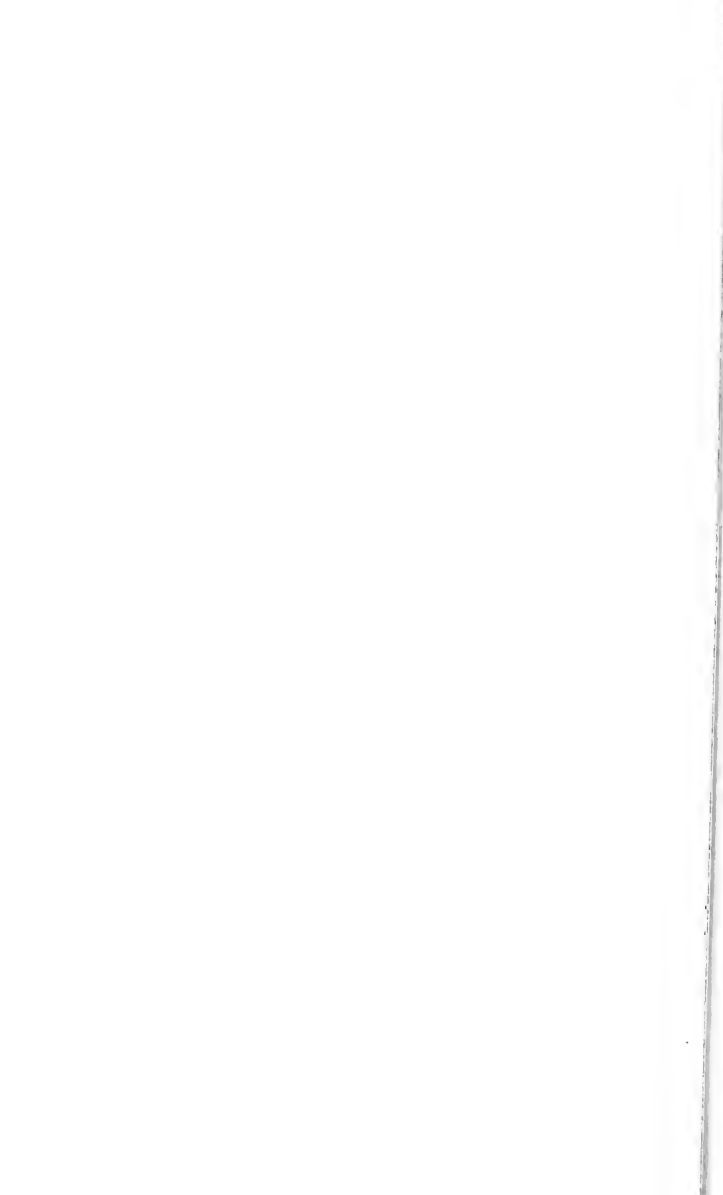
MY Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces;
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
On Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

*From
Midas.*



Thomas Sackville (Earl of Dorset)

From the engraving by George Vertue
after the painting by Knowles



T. Sackville

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset

(1536-1608)

MYDNYGHT was cum, and every vitall thing
With swete sound slepe theyr weary lymys did rest :
The beasts were still, the lytle byrdes that syng
Now sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest,
The olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did ceas,
The wuds, the fyeldes, and all things held theyr peace.

The golden stars wer whyrlde amynd theyr race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When eche thing nestled in his restyng place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght :
The hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partrydge dreempt not of the falcon's foot.

The ougly beare nowe myndeth not the stake,
Nor howe the cruell mastyves do him tear ;
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,
The fomy boar feard not the hunter's spear.
All thing was still in desert, bush, and brear,
With quyet heart now from their travailes rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their nest.

From the Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham.

The Queen's Garland

William Byrd (1538-1623)

My Mind to Me a Kingdom is

MY mind to me a Kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assigned:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor welthy store,
No force to win the victory,

William Byrd

No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lovers eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss:
I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw;
For care, I know not what it is;
I fear not Fortunes fatal law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more:

The Queen's Garland

I like the plain, I climb no hill;

In greatest storms, I sit on shore
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;

I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;

Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden mean, betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choice: for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;

My conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

From Psalms, Sonnets and Songs.

Nicholas Breton

Upon a Summer Day Love went to Swim

UPON a summer's day Love went to swim,
And cast himself into a sea of tears;
The cloudscalled in their light, and heaven waxed dim,
And sighs did raise a tempest, causing fears;
The naked boy could not so wield his arms,
But that the waves were masters of his might,
And threatened him to work far greater harms
If he devised not to scape by flight:
Then for a boat his quiver stood instead,
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast,
Whereby to sail his cloth of veil he spread,
His shafts for oars on either board he cast:
From shipwreck safe this wag got thus to shore,
And sware to bathe in lover's tears no more.

From Songs of Sundry Natures.

Nicholas Breton (1545-1626)

The Ploughman's Song

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damselies playing
Forth I yode forsooth a maying:

The Queen's Garland

When, anon, by a wood side,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espièd all alone
Phyllida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot;
He would love and she would not.
She said, "never man was true;"
He sayes, "none was false to you."

He said, "he had loved her long."
She sayes, "love should have no wrong,"
Corydon would kiss her then:
She sayes, "maides must kiss no men.

Till they do for good and all."
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a prettie oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth:
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;

Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;

Nicholas Breton

And Phyllida with garlands gay
Was made the lady of the May.

*Sung at the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth,
by the Earl of Hertford, in 1591.*

From England's Helicon.

A Sweet Pastoral

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begone awhile,
Thou knowest my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The Queen's Garland

The blackbird and the thrush
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phyllida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That hope upon delights,
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou knowest what help is best;
Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend,
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrows end.

From England's Helicon.

J. Mundy

John Mundy

WERE I a king. I might command content ;
Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares :
And were I dead, no thoughts should me torment,

Nor words, nor wrongs, nor loves, nor hopes, nor fears,
A doubtful choice, of three things one to crave ;
A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

From Songs and Psalms (1594).

William Barley

Those Eyes that set My Fancy on a Fire

THOSE eyes that set my fancy on a fire,
Those crisped hairs that hold my heart in chains,
Those dainty hands which conquered my desire,
That wit which of my thoughts doth hold the reins :
Then Love be judge, what heart may therewith stand
Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such a hand ?
Those eyes for clearness doth the stars surpass,
Those hairs obscure the brightness of the sun,
Those hands more white than ever ivory was,

The Queen's Garland

That wit even to the skies hath glory won.
O eyes that pierce our hearts without remorse!
O hairs of right that wear a royal crown!
O hands that conquer more than Cæsar's force!
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside down!

From the New Book of Tabliture (1596).

Anonymous

Love's a Bee, and Bees have Stings

ONCE I thought, but falsely thought
Cupid all delight had brought,
And that love had been a treasure,
And a palace full of pleasure,
But alas! too soon I prove,
Nothing is so sour as love;
That for sorrow my muse sings,
Love's a bee, and bees have stings.

When I thought I had obtained
That dear solace, which if gained
Should have caused all joy to spring,
Viewed, I found it no such thing:
But instead of sweet desires,

Anonymous

Found a rose hemmed in with briars;
That for sorrow my muse sings,
Love's a bee, and bees have stings.

Wonted pleasant life adieu,
Love hath changed thee for a new:
New indeed, and sour I prove it,
Yet I cannot choose but love it;
And as if it were delight,
I pursue it day and night;
That with sorrow my muse sings,
I love bees, though bees have stings.

From The Mirror of Knighthood (1599).

Love hath Eyes by Night

O NIGHT, O jealous Night, repugnant to my
measures!

O Night so long desired, yet cross to my con-
tent!

There's none but only thou that can perform my pleas-
ures,

Yet none but only thou that hindereth my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps that burn too
brightly,

Discover all my trains and naked lay my drifts,

The Queen's Garland

That night by night I hope, yet fail my purpose nightly ;
Thy envious glaring gleam defeateth so my shifts.

Sweet Night, withhold thy beams, withhold them till to-morrow !

Whose joy's in lack so long a hell of torment breeds.
Sweet Night, sweet gentle Night, do not prolong my sorrow :

Desire is guide to me, and Love no lodestar needs.

Let sailors gaze on Stars, and Moon so freshly shining;
Let them that miss the way be guided by the light ;
I know my Lady's bower, there needs no more divining;
Affection sees in dark, and Love hath eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia, couch awhile ! hold in thy horns for shining,

And glad not lowring Night with thy too glorious rays ;

But be she dim and dark, tempestuous and repining.

That in her spite my sport may work thy endless praise.

And when my will is wrought, then, Cynthia, shine, good lady,

All other nights and days in honour of that night,
That happy heavenly night, that night so dark and shady,
Wherein my Love had eyes that lighted my delight !

From The Phœnix' Nest (1593).

E. Spenser

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)

Ye Tradeful Merchants

YE tradeful Merchants that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my Love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found.
If Sapphires, lo! her eyes be Sapphires plain;
If Rubies, lo! her lips be Rubies sound;
If Pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If Ivories, her forehead ivory ween;
If Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If Silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
But that which fairest is but few behold,
Her mind, adorned with virtues manifold.

Colin Clout's Mournful Ditty for The Death of Astrophel

SHEPHERDS that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Oftimes to plain your love's conceal'd smart,
And with your piteous lays have learnt to breed

The Queen's Garland

Compassion in a country lass's heart:
Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds, to my song,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
The mournfull'st verse that ever man heard tell;
To you whose soften'd hearts it may impierce
With dolour's dart for death of Astrophel:
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For, well I wot, my rhymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear or covet them to read,
Think he that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead:
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moved to pity such a case.

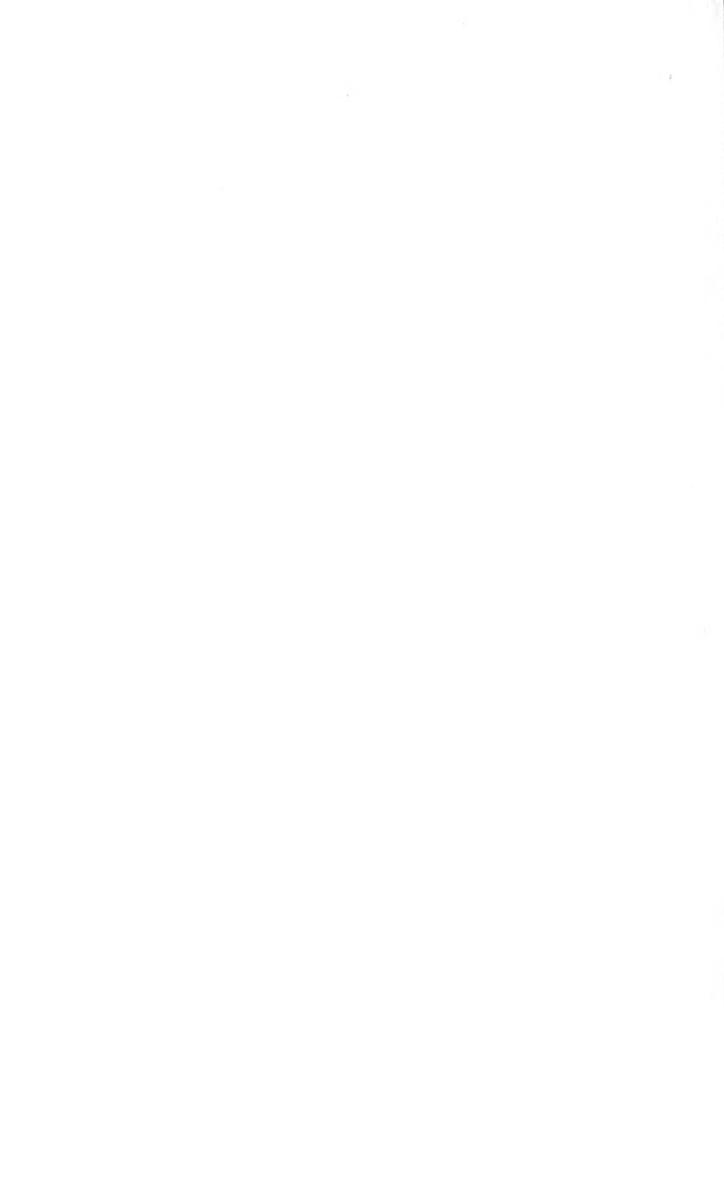
From England's Helicon.

One Day I Wrote Her Name upon the Strand

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
"Wayne man!" said she, "that doest in vayne assay



Edmund Spenser
From the engraving by George Vertue



Edmund Spenser

A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selfe shall lyke to this decay,
And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize;"
"Not so," quod I; "let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name:
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

*But if Ye saw that which no Eyes
can see*

BUT if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty:
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will:

The Queen's Garland

Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

From The Epithalamion written for his own marriage in 1594.

Antony Munday (1553-1633)

Beauty Sat Bathing

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden
But better memory said Fie;
So vain desire was chidden.

Into a slumber then I fell,
And fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion:
But even as babes in dreams do smile

Mary Sidney

And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked as wise that while
As when I fell a-sleeping.
*From The Famous and Renowned History of Primalcon
of Greecc.*

*Mary Sidney, Countess of Pem-
broke (1557-1621)*

A Dialogue

between two Shepherds, Thenot and Piers

In Praise of Astrea

Thenot. I SING divine Astrea's praise;
O Muses! help my wits to raise,
And heave my verses higher.

Piers. Thou need'st the truth but plainly tell,
Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
Thou art so oft a liar.

Thenot. If in my song no more I show,
Than Heaven, and earth, and sea do know,
Then truly I have spoken.

Piers. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no less, the like, the same,
Else laws of truth be broken.

The Queen's Garland

Thenot. Then say, she is so good, so fair,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not Momus self denying :

Piers. Compare may think where likeness holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfolds,
I looked to find you lying.

Thenot. Astrea sees with wisdom's sight ;
Astrea works by virtue's might ;
And jointly both do stay in her.

Piers. Nay, take from them her hand, her mind,
The one is lame, the other blind :
Shall still your lying stain her ?

Thenot. Soon as Astrea shows her face,
Straight every ill avoids the place,
And every good aboundeth.

Piers. Nay, long before her face doth show,
The last doth come, the first doth go :
How loud this lie resoundeth.

Thenot. Astrea is our chiefest joy,
Our chiefest guard against annoy,
Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.

Piers. Where chiefest are, there others be,
To us none else but only she :
When wilt thou speak in measure ?



Mary Sidney (Countess of Pembroke)
From the painting by Mark Gerards



Mary Sidney

- Thenot.* Astrea may be justly said,
A field in flowery robe arrayed,
In season freshly springing.
- Piers.* That spring endures but shortest time.
This never leaves Astrea's clime:
Thou liest, instead of singing.
- Thenot.* As heavenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth shine each lovely ray
That from Astrea flieth.
- Piers.* Nay, darkness oft that light enclouds:
Astrea's beams no darkness shrouds:
How loudly Thenot lieth.
- Thenot.* Astrea rightly term I may
A manly palm, a maiden bay,
Her verdure never dying.
- Piers.* Palm oft is crooked, bay is low,
She still upright, still high doth grow:
Good Thenot leave thy lying.
- Thenot.* Then, Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should lie,
And strive in vain to raise her?
- Piers.* Words from conceit do only rise;
Above conceit her honour flies:
But silence, nought can praise her.

The Queen's Garland

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

Phoebus, Farewell!

PHOEBUS, farewell! a sweeter Saint I serve:
The high conceits thy heav'nly wisdoms breed
My thoughts forget, my thoughts which never swerve
From her in whom is sown their freedom's seed,
And in whose eyes my daily doom I read.

Phoebus, farewell! a sweeter Saint I serve:
Thou art far off, thy kingdom is above;
She heaven on earth with beauties doth preserve;
Thy beams I like, but her clear rays I love;
Thy force I fear, her force I still do prove.

Phoebus, yield up thy title in my mind;
She doth possess, thy image is defaced;
But, if thy rage some brave revenge will find,
On her who hath in me thy temple raced,
Employ thy might that she my fires may taste,
And, how much more her worth surmounting thee,
Make her as much more base by loving me.

From Arcadia.

Sir Philip Sidney

My True Love Hath My Heart, and I have His

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a bargain better driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one ;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart for once it was his own ;
I cherish his because in me it bides.
His heart his wound receivèd from my sight ;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart :
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart.
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

From Arcadia.

The Shepherd Musidorus His Complaint

COME, shepherds' weeds, become your master's
mind,
Yield outward show, what inward change he tries ;
Nor be abash'd since such a guest you find,

The Queen's Garland

Whose strongest hope in your weak comfort lies.
Come, shepherds' weeds, attend my woful cries,
Disuse yourselves from sweet Menalcas' voice ;
For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
From those clear notes which freely may rejoice,
Then pour out plaint, and in one word say this—
Helpless his plaints who spoils himself of bliss.

From England's Helicon.

The Shepherd's Brawl

One Half Answering the Other

1. **W**E love, and have our loves rewarded.
2. **W**E love, and are no whit regarded.
1. **W**E find most sweet affection's snare.
2. That sweet but sour despairful care.
1. Who can despair whom hope doth bear ?
2. And who can hope that feels despair ?
- All.* As without breath no pipe doth move,
No music kindly without love.

From England's Helicon.



Sir Philip Sidney

From the engraving by George Vertue
after the painting by Oliver



Sir Philip Sidney

Fair Eyes, Sweet Lips, Dear Heart

FAIR eyes, sweet lips, dear heart, that foolish I
Could hope, by Cupid's help, on you to pray,
Since to himself he doth your gifts apply,
As his main force, chief sports, and easeful stay!
For when he will see who dare him gain-say,
Then with those eyes he looks: lo, by and by
Each soul doth at Love's feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that Love's self then doth love,
With either lip he doth the other kiss;
But when he will, for quiet's sake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,* * Room.
Where well he knows no man to him can come.

The Forty-third Sonnet from Astrophel and Stella.

High Way, since you my Chief Parnassus be

HIGH way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody.

The Queen's Garland

Now, blessed you bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet;
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still fair, honoured by public heed;
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot;
Nor blam'd for blood, nor sham'd for sinful deed;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss, —
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss.

The Eighty-fourth Sonnet from Astrophel and Stella.

A Pastoral

Made by Sir Philip Sidney upon His Meeting
with His Two Worthy Friends and Fellow-Poets
Sir Edward Dyer & M. Fulke Greville

JOIN mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting;
Let Pan, our good god, see
How grateful is our greeting.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Sir Philip Sidney

Ye Hymns, and singing skill
Of God Apollo's giving,
Be prest our reeds to fill
With sound of music living.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Sweet Orpheus' harp, whose sound
The steadfast mountains moved,
Let here thy skill abound,
To join sweet friends beloved.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

My two and I be met,
A happy blessed trinity,
As three most jointly set
In firmest band of unity.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Welcome my two to me,
The number best beloved,
Within my heart you be
In friendship unremoved:
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

The Queen's Garland

Give leave your flocks to range,

Let us the while be playing;

Within the elmy grange,

Your flocks will not be straying:

Join hearts and hands, so let it be,

Make but one mind in bodies three.

Cause all the mirth you can,

Since I am now come hether,

Who never joy, but when

I am with you together.

Join hearts and hands, so let it be,

Make but one mind in bodies three.

Like lovers do their love,

So joy I in you seeing;

Let nothing me remove

From always with you being:

Join hearts and hands, so let it be,

Make but one mind in bodies three.

And as the turtle Dove

To mate with whom he liveth,

Such comfort fervent love

Of you to my heart giveth.

Join hearts and hands, so let it be,

Make but one mind in bodies three.

Thomas Lodge

Now joinèd be our hands,
Let them be ne'er asunder,
But linked in binding bands
By metamorphosed wonder.
So should our severed bodies three
As one for ever joinèd be.
From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

Thomas Lodge (1555-1625)

Rosalind's Madrigal

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.

The Queen's Garland

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip yon hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
Then let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

From Rosalind.

Thomas Lodge

The Lover's Vow

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbèd of their waves ;
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves ;
The April flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried ;
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water-glide ;
And Iris lose her coloured weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turn to peace,
And love relent in deep disdain ;
And death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And envy pity every pain ;
And pleasure mourn, and sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First time shall stay his stayless race,
And winter bless his boughs with corn ;
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And winter spring, and summer mourn,
Before my pen by help of fame
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

*From
Rosalind.*

The Queen's Garland

Montanus' Sonnet

PHOEBE sat,
Sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phoebe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye :
Brow and eye how much you please me !
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent ;
Sighs and words could never draw her.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost,
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phoebe sat,
By a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spied her :
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice :
Touch and voice what may distain you ?
As she sang,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
Oh mine eyes !
You did lose
Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

Thomas Morley

Phoebe's flocks,

White as wool,

Yet were Phoebe's locks more whiter.

Phoebe's eyes,

Dovelike mild,

Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruel;

Montan swears,

In your lamps

He will die for to delight her.

Phoebe, yield,

Or I die:

Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel? *From*
Rosalind.

Thomas Morley (1557-1604)

APRIL is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place:
Within her bosom is September,

But in her heart a cold December.

From the First Book of Madrigals.

George Peele (1558-1598)

Farewell to Arms

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turned:
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned.

The Queen's Garland

But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song, —
"Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

From Polyhymnia.

Robert Greene (1560-1592)

Weep not, My Wanton

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,

Robert Greene

Father's sorrow, father's joy :
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe ;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies ;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby lept ;
More we crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide :
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,

The Queen's Garland

For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

From Menaphon.

Jealousy

WHEN gods had framed the sweet of women's
face,
And locked men's looks within their golden
hair,

That Phoebus blushed to see their matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair;
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow;
The amber sweet of love is turned to gall;
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phoebus did avow
He could be coy, and would not love at all,
Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.

From Ciceronis Amor.

J. Dowland

John Dowland (1562-1615)

GO crystal tears! like to the morning showers,
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast!
And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,
So let your drops of pity be address!
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste hapless sighs! and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart!
Whose frozen rigour, like forgetful Death,
Feels never any touch of my desert.
Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

From the First Book of Songs or Airs, 1597.

Michael Drayton (1563-1631)

*Since There's no Help, Come
let us Kifs and Part*

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part:
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad — yea, glad with all my heart —
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

The Queen's Garland

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When Faith is kneeling at his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over
From death to life thou mightst him recover.

The Shepherd's Daffodil

GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields did'st stray,
Saw'st thou my daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln-green,
The colour maids delight;
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white,

Than roses richer to behold
That dress up lover's bowers;
The pansy and the marigold
Are Phoebus' paramours.

Michael Drayton

Thou well describ'st the daffodil,
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her dost bring;
Yet is my daffodil more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

I saw a shepherd, that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

Yet, Corbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For know, my pretty daffodil
Is worn by none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
No lily is so bold;
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass;
They call her Daffodil.

The Queen's Garland

Whose presence as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet;
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
"There goes sweet Daffodil!"

Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flock dost fill;
Come, go with me, thou shepherd's boy,
Let us to Daffodil.

From England's Helicon.

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

Christopher Marlowe

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of mirtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold ;
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs :
And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

From England's Helicon.

The Queen's Garland

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618)

The Nymph's Reply

IF all the World and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.



Sir Walter Raleigh
From the painting by Zuccherro

Sir Walter Raleigh

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

From England's Helicon.

A Poesy to Prove Affection is not Love

CONCEIT, begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly born, and quickly dies:
For while it seeks our hearts to have,
Meanwhile there reason makes his grave:
For many things the eyes approve,
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds, in spring-time sown,
Die in the ground ere they be grown:
Such is conceit, whose rooting fails,
As child that in the cradle quails,
Or else within the mother's womb
Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Affection follows Fortune's wheels,
And soon is shaken from her heels;
For following beauty or estate,

The Queen's Garland

Her liking still is turned to hate :
For all affections have their change,
And fancy only loves to range.

Desire himself runs out of breath
And, getting, doth but gain his death ;
Desire nor reason hath nor rest ;
And blind doth seldom choose the best :
Desire attained is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ships in ports desired are drowned ;
As fruit, once ripe, then falls to ground ;
As flies that seek for flames are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought :
So fond desire when it attains,
The life expires, the woe remains.

And yet some poets fain would prove
Affection to be perfect love ;
And that desire is of that kind,
No less a passion of the mind :
As if wild beasts and men did seek
To like, to love, to choose alike.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

Sir Walter Raleigh

The Lie

GO, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live
Acting by other's action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction:
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

The Queen's Garland

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending :
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion ;
Tell love it is but lust ;
Tell time it metes but motion :
Tell flesh it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour how it alters ;
Tell beauty how she blasteth ;
Tell favour how it falters :
And as they shall reply,
Give everyone the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness :
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Sir Walter Raleigh

Tell physic of her boldness ;

 Tell skill it is pretension ;

Tell charity of coldness ;

 Tell law it is contention ;

And as they do reply,

 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;

 Tell nature of decay ;

Tell friendship of unkindness ;

 Tell justice of delay :

And if they will reply,

 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,

 But vary by esteeming ;

Tell schools they want profoundness,

 And stand too much on seeming :

If arts and schools reply,

 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city :

 Tell how the country erreth :

Tell manhood, shakes off pity :

 Tell virtue, least preferreth :

And if they do reply,

 Spare not to give the lie.

The Queen's Garland

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing:
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill!
From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

The Rhyme of White and Red

IF she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fears or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
From Love's Labours Lost.

You Spotted Snakes

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;



J. D. Lockhart sculp.

Shakespeare

Come not near our fairy queen :
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh :
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here :
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near :
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, etc.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Ousel-Cock, so Black of Hue

THE ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill ;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Queen's Garland

Hark! Hark! the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

From Cymbeline.

Hero's Epitaph

DONE to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies;
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

From Much Ado about Nothing.

Shakespeare

Take, O, Take Those Lips Away

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.
From Measure for Measure.

Come, Thou Monarch of the Vine

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!
From Antony and Cleopatra.

The Queen's Garland

A Dirge

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
From The Tempest.

Where the Bee Sucks, there Suck I

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
From The Tempest.

Shakespeare

Crabbed Age and Youth

CRABBED Age and Youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care :
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare :
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short :
Youth is nimble, Age is lame :
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee !
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my love, my love is young :
Age, I do defie thee ;
Oh sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stayst too long.

*From The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to
Sundry Notes of Musick (1599).*

The Queen's Garland

Thomas Weelks

LADY, the birds right fairly
Are singing ever early ;
The lark, the thrush, the nightingale,
The make-sport cuckoo and the quail.
These sing of Love ! then why sleep ye ?
To love your sleep it may not be.
From Madrigals of Five and Six parts (1600).

Thomas Campion (—1619)

I Care not for these Ladies

ICARE not for these ladies
That must be wooed and prayed,
Give me kind Amaryllis,
The wanton country maid :
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own :
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go !"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No."

Thomas Campion

If I love Amaryllis,
 She gives me fruit and flowers;
But if we love these ladies,
 We must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
 Who when we court and kiss,
 She cries "Forsooth, let go!"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say "No."

These ladies must have pillows
 And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
 Of moss and leaves unbought;
And fresh Amaryllis,
With milk and honey fed,
 Who when we court and kiss,
 She cries "Forsooth, let go!"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say "No."
From Campion and Rosseter's Book of Airs
 (1601).

The Queen's Garland

Thou art not Fair

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee ;
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet — unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies, thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine ;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine :
Now show it, if thou be a woman right, —
Embrace and kiss and love me in despite.
From Campion and Rosseter's Book of Airs (1601).

When Thou must home to Shades of Underground

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Thomas Campion

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of Knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty sake :
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

From Campion and Rosseter's Book of Airs (1601).

Blame not My Cheeks

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be ;
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown
To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,
Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown :
For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained
Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts ;
And, when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
For their fat love lies in their outward parts ;
But in their breasts, where love his court should hold,
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

From Campion and Rosseter's Book of Airs.

The Queen's Garland

Robert Jones

Fair Women like fair Jewels Are

FAIR women like fair jewels are
Whose worth lies in opinion;
To praise them all must be his care
Who goes about to win one;
And when he hath her once obtained,
To her face he must her flatter,
But not to others, lest he move
Their eyes to level at her.

The way to purchase truth in love,
If such way there be any,
Must be to give her leave to rove,
And hinder one by many;
Believe thou must that she is true,
When poisoned tongues do sting her;
Rich jewels bear the self-same hue
Worn upon any finger.

The perfectest of mind and shape
Must look for defamations;
Live how they will, they cannot 'scape,

Richard Carlton

Their persons are temptations:
Then let the world condemn my choice,
As laughing at my folly;
If she be kind, the self-same voice
Is spread of the most holy.

From the Second Book of Songs and Airs (1601).

Richard Carlton

Content

CONTENT thyself with thy estate,
Seek not to climb above the skies,
For often love is mixed with hate
And 'twixt the flowers the serpent lies:
Where fortune sends her greatest joys,
There once possesst they are but toys.

What thing can earthly pleasure give
That breeds delight when it is past?
Or who so quietly doth live
But storms of care do drown at last?
This is the loan of worldly hire,
The more we have the more desire.

The Queen's Garland

Wherefore I hold him best at ease
That lives content with his estate,
And doth not sail in worldly seas
Where Mine and Thine do breed debate:
This noble mind, even in a clown,
Is more than to possess a crown.

From Madrigals (1601).

Edmund Bolton

A Palinode

AS withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's-sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains;
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's-sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

A. W.

For as the snow, whose lawn did over-spread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
When as the bubble, which did empty fly
The dalliance of the undiscernèd wind,
On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwreck made, where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
Coloured the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds with-drawn (which longer time do tarry) —
Oh what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

A. W.

Upon Beginning without Making an End

BEGIN, and half is done, yet half undone remains;
Begin that half, and all is done, and thou art eased
of pains:

The second half is all again, new work must be begun.
Thus he that still begins, doth nothing but by halves,
And things half done, as good undone: half oxen are
but calves.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

The Queen's Garland

A Fiction

How Cupid made a Nymph wound Herself with his Arrows

IT chanced of late a shepherd's swain,
That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket on the plain,
Espied a dainty Nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood, and gazed his fill;
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of Love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom, if she waked, he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place:

A. W.

Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain let fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierced his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the Nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might;
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain.

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet Nymph! try not the shaft;
Each little touch will prick thy heart;
Alas! thou knowest not Cupid's craft;
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

The Queen's Garland

Yet try she will, and prick some bare!
Her hands were gloved, and next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pricked, and through that breast
Love finds an entry to her heart:
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how the gentle Nymph doth start!

She runs not now, she shoots no more,
Away she throws both shafts and bow:
She seeks for that she shunned before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
So others do, and so do they:
The god of Love sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

The Passionate Prisoner

YE walls that shut me up from sight of men,
Inclosed wherein alive I buried lie;
And thou sometime my bed, but now my den,
Where, smothered up, the light of sun I fly:

Thomas Bateson

Oh! shut yourselves; each chink and crevice strain,
That none but you may hear me thus complain.

My hollow cries that beat thy stony side,
Vouchsafe to beat, but beat them back again;
That when my grief hath speech to me denied,
Mine ears may hear the witness of my pain.
As for my tears, whose streams must ever last,
My silent couch shall drink them up as fast.
From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

Thomas Bateson

Music

MUSIC, some think, no music is
Unless she sing of clip and kiss,
And bring to wanton tunes "Fie, fie!"
Or "Tih-ha, tah-ha!" or "I'll cry!"
But let such rhymes no more disgrace
Music sprung of heavenly race.

From the First Set of English Madrigals (1604).

The Queen's Garland

Francis Beaumont (1586-1616)

Song for a Dance

SHAKE off your heavy trance!
And leap into a dance
Such as no mortals use to tread:
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!
From The Masque of the Inner Temple.

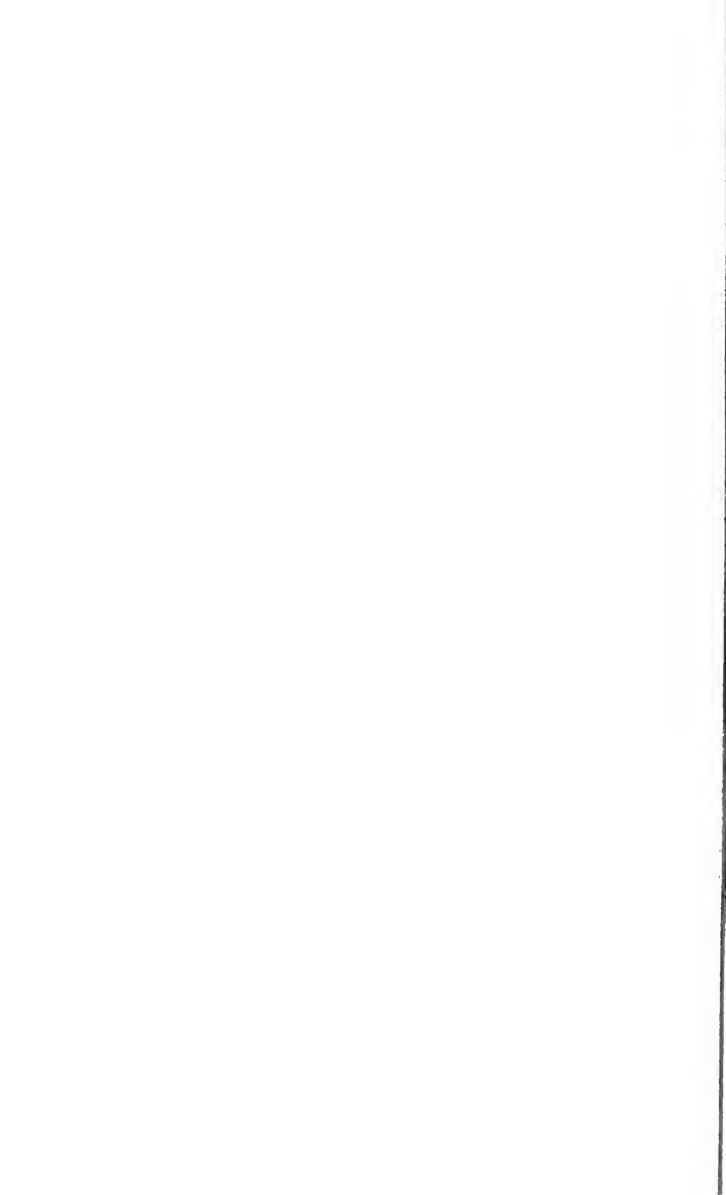
The Maskers called Away

YE should stay longer if we durst:
Away! Alas that he that first
Gave Time wild wings to fly away—
Hath now no power to make him stay!
And though these games must needs be played,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his scythe, as he doth pass,
And clip his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.
From The Masque of the Inner Temple.



Francis Beaumont
1599-1633

Francis Beaumont
From the engraving by George Vertue



Beaumont & Fletcher

F. Beaumont and J. Fletcher

No Medicine to Mirth

TIS mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food ;
Let each man keep his heart at ease ;

No man dies of that disease.

He that would his body keep

From diseases, must not weep ;

But whoever laughs and sings,

Never he his body brings

Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,

Or lingerly his lungs consumes ;

Or meets with aches in his bone,

Or catarrhs, or griping stone :

But contented lives for aye ;

The more he laughs, the more he may.

From The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Aspatia's Song

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say, I died true.

The Queen's Garland

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

From The Maid's Tragedy.

John Fletcher (1564-1616)

To Pan

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,



JOHN FLETCHER EPISCOPUS EXETERIENSIS

John Fletcher

From the engraving by George Vertue



John Fletcher

Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

From The Faithful Shepherdess.

Farewell, False Love!

AWAY, delights! go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die.
Farewell, false love! thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity, go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee! mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to overgrow me,
Shall be as I:

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
“Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die

With thee! men cannot mock us in the clay.”

From The Captain.

The Queen's Garland

Thomas Heywood (—1636)

Ye Little Birds that Sit and Sing

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,

Thomas Heywood

Tell her I will not change my choice ;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown !
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That, waking, she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you ;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

From Fair Maid of the Exchange.

Pack, Clouds, Away !

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day !
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, lark, aloft
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow :
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

The Queen's Garland

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast !
Sing, birds, in every furrow,
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Black-bird and thrush in every bush,
Stare,* linnet, and cock-sparrow, * *Starling*.
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds in every furrow.

From The Rape of Lucrece.

Sir Henry Wotton (1567-1639)

The Character of a Happy Life

HOW happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath :



SIR HENRY WOTTON

Sir Henry Wotton
From the painting by Cornelius Jansen



Thomas Nashe

Who hath his life from rumours freed :

Whose conscience is his strong retreat :

Whose state can neither flatterers feed,

Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,

Or vice : who never understood ·

How deepest wounds are given with praise

Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray

More of his grace than gifts to lend ;

And entertains the harmless day

With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands

Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;

Lord of himself, though not of lands ;

And having nothing, yet hath all.

From Reliquiae Wottonianae.

Thomas Nashe (1567-1600)

Spring, the Sweet Spring

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king ;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

The Queen's Garland

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may, make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring, the sweet Spring.

From Summer's Last Will and Testament.

Fading Summer

FAIR summer droops, droop men and beasts there-
fore,

So fair a summer look for never more :
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.

Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.
What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed ?

Thomas Dekker

O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source,

Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.

Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,

The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

From Summer's Last Will and Testament

Thomas Dekker (1570-1641)

Lullaby

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you:
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
From The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissell.

The Queen's Garland

Sir John Davies (1570-1626)

To Philomel. Sonnet ix.

Upon sending her a Gold Ring, with this Poesy,

Pure and Endless

IF you would know the love which I you bear,
Compare it to the ring which your fair hand
Shall make more precious, when you shall it wear :
So my love's nature you shall understand.
Is it of metal pure ? so you shall prove
My love, which ne'er disloyal thought did stain.
Hath it no end ? so endless is my love,
Unless you it destroy with your disdain.
Doth it the purer wax, the more 'tis tried ?
So doth my love : yet herein they dissent,
That whereas gold, the more 'tis purified,
By waxing less, doth show some part is spent ;
My love doth wax more pure by your more trying,
And yet increaseth in the purifying.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

Sir John Davies

Yet Other Twelve Wonders of the World

I. The Courtier

LONG have I lived at Court, yet learned not all
this while
To sell poor suitors, smoke: nor where I hate to smile;
Superiors to adore, inferiors to despise,
To fly from such as fall, to follow such as rise;
To cloak a poor desire under a rich array,
Nor to aspire by vice, though 'twere the quicker way.

II. The Divine

MY calling is Divine, and I from God am sent;
I will no chop-church be, nor pay my patron rent;
Nor yield to sacrilege; but, like the kind true mother,
Rather will lose all the child, than part it with another.
Much wealth I will not seek; nor worldly masters serve,
So to grow rich and fat, while my poor flock doth sterve.

III. The Soldier

MY occupation is the noble trade of Kings,
The trial that decides the highest right of things;
Though Mars my master be, I do not Venus love,
Nor honour Bacchus oft, nor often swear by Jove:
Of speaking of myself I all occasion shun
And rather love to do, than boast what I have done.

The Queen's Garland

IV. The Lawyer

THE law my calling is; my robe, my tongue, my pen
Wealth and opinion gain, and make me Judge of men.
The known dishonest cause I never did defend,
Nor spun out suits in length, but wished and sought an
end:
No counsel did bewray, nor of both parties take;
Nor ever took I fee for which I never spake.

V. The Physician

I STUDY to uphold the slippery state of man,
Who dies when we have done the best and all we can.
From practice and from books I draw my learned skill
Not from the known receipt of 'pothecaries' bill.
The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures doth see;
What youth and time effect is oft ascribed to me.

VI. The Merchant

MY trade doth everything to every land supply,
Discover unknown coasts, strange countries doth
ally;
I never will forestall, I never did engross,
Nor custom did withdraw, though I returned with loss.
I thrive by fair exchange, by selling and by buying,
And not by Jewish use, reprisal, fraud, or lying.

Sir John Davies

VII. The Country Gentleman

THOUGH strange outlandish spirits praise towns, and
country scorn,

The country is my home, I dwell where I was born :
There profit and command with pleasure I partake,
Yet do not hawks and dogs my sole companions make.
I rule, but not oppress ; end quarrels, not maintain ;
See towns, but dwell not there t' abridge my charge or train.

VIII. The Bachelor

HOW many things as yet are dear alike to me,
The fields, the horse, the dog, love, arms, or liberty !
I have no wife as yet, whom I may call my own ;
I have no children yet, that by my name are known.
Yet if I married were, I would not wish to thrive,
If that I could not tame the veriest shrew alive.

IX. The Married Man

I ONLY am the man among all married men,
Who do not wish the priest to be unlinked agen :
And though my shoe did wring, I would not make my
moan,
Nor think my neighbour's chance more happy than my own,
Yet court I not my wife, but yield observance due,
Being neither fond, nor cross, nor jealous, nor untrue.

The Queen's Garland

X. The Wife

THE first of all our sex came from the side of man,
I thither am returned, from whence our sex began :
I do not visit oft, nor many, when I do ;
I tell my mind to few, and that in counsel too.
I seem not sick in health, nor sullen but in sorrow ;
I care for somewhat else than what to wear to-morrow.

XI. The Widow

MY dying husband knew how much his death would
grieve me,
And therefore left me wealth to comfort and relieve me :
Though I no more will have, I will not love disdain ;
Penelope herself did suitors entertain.
And yet to draw on such as are of best esteem,
Nor younger than I am, nor richer will I seem.

XII. The Maid

I MARRIAGE would forswear, but that I hear men tell,
That she that dies a maid must lead an ape in hell.
Therefore if Fortune come, I will not mock and play,
Nor drive the bargain on till it be driven away.
Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can
A man that wanteth gold than gold that wants a man.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

J. Donne

John Donne (1573-1631)

Ode

*That Time and Absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.*

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation,
 Against thy strength,
 Distance, and length :
Do what thou canst for alteration,
 For hearts of truest mettle
 Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
 He soon hath found
 Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
 To hearts that cannot vary,
 Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motions,
 Which now within
 Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notions :
 Like rich men that take pleasure
 In hiding, more than handling treasure.

The Queen's Garland

By absence this good means I gain,

That I can catch her,

Where none can watch her,

In some close corner of my brain.

There I embrace and kiss her;

And so I both enjoy and miss her.

From Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

Ben Jonson (1575-1637)

Slow, Slow, fresh Fount

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;

Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs;

List to the heavy part the music bears,

Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers,

Fall grief in showers,

Our beauties are not ours;

O, I could still,

Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop,

Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

From Cynthia's Revels.

Ben Jonson

The Glove

THOU more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging that now misses
The pure rosy hand that ware thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kissed it oft
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress, best of gloves.

From Cynthia's Revels.

Hymn to Diana

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;

The Queen's Garland

Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that makest day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

From Cynthia's Revels.

Simplex Munditiis

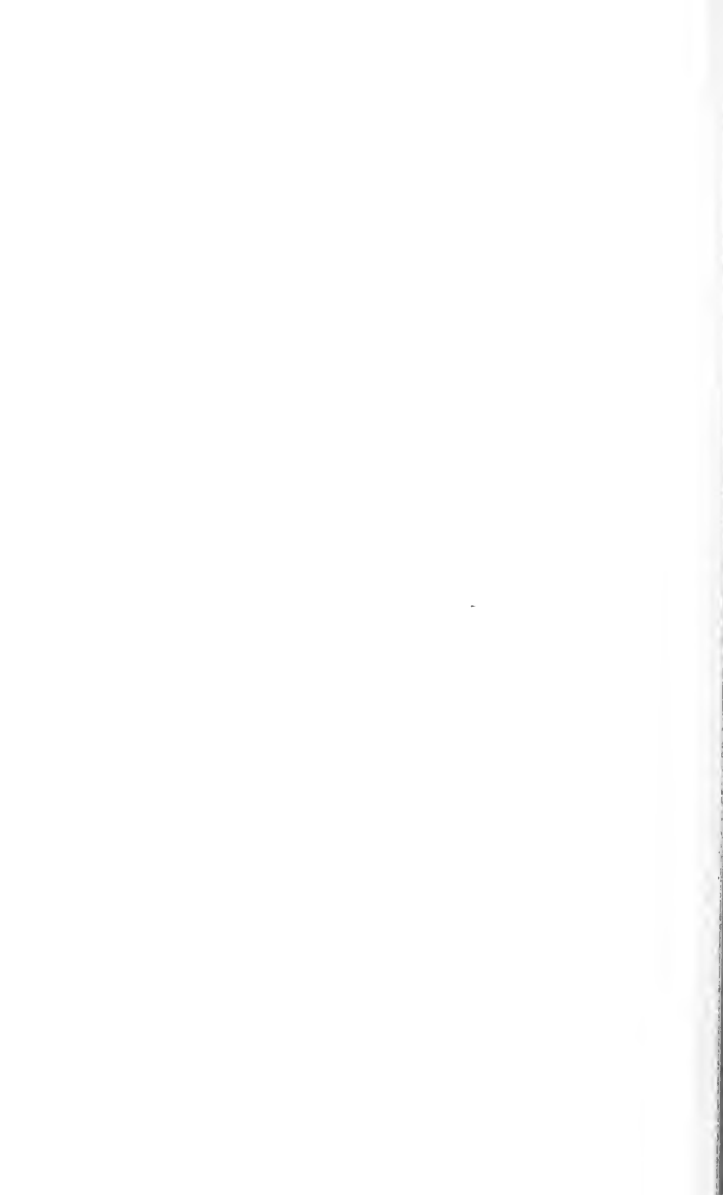
STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me



Ben Jonson

From the engraving by George Vertue
after the painting by Gerard Honthorst



Ben Jonson

Than all the adulteries of art;

They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

From Epicæne, or the Silent Woman.

Buzz and Hum

BUZZ! quoth the Blue-Fly,
Hum! quoth the Bee;
Buzz and hum! they cry,

And so do we.

In his ear! in his nose!

Thus,—do you see?

He ate the Dormouse—

Else it was he.

From The Masque of Oberon.

So White, so Soft, so Sweet, is She

H* * * * *
AVE you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's-down ever?

The Queen's Garland

Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier,

Or the nard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?

O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

From The Devil is an Ass.

To Celia

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask for drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a chance that there
It would not withered be:
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent it back to me,
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Anthony Nixon

Epitaph on Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister — Pembroke's mother —
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Anthony Nixon

Memorial of Queen Elizabeth

HER scepter was the rule of righteousness;
Her subjects more for love than fear obeyed:
Her government seemed perfect blessedness;
Her mercy with her justice ever swayed:
Her bounty, grace, and magnanimity
Her princely mind did plainly signify.

She was the golden pipe, through which great Jove
Derived to us the blessings manifold:
She was the token of his tender love,
Cheering the hearts of all, both young and old:

The Queen's Garland

She hath extinguished all the misty days,
And brought a light more bright than Phœbus' rays.

* * * * *

That glorious light, which did illuminate
Our hearts, which long in darkness had remained,
To make us of true light participate,
Whereby our steps from darkness are refrained.
How greatly are we bound to praise the Lord
For this great blessing of his sacred word!

From Elisac's Memoriall.

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